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We did our work according to his orders, and this excellent order was an ample one. Now this ———, a chief of the Todas, son of———, a deceased Toda, the above man joined with the moniagar of ——— village, joined together, and, dealing with bribes, now they arose against us, and doing this great troubles on us, and also, by this great trouble, one day Mr. ——— came for shooting snapes (snipe) by that side. By chance one grazing buffalo came to him, push him by his horns very forcely, and wounded him on his leg. By the help of another gentleman who came with him he escaped, or he would have die at the moment. Now the said moniagar and ——— joined together, want to finish the funeral to his late father on the 18th instant. For this purpose they are going to shut the buffaloes without food in the kraal on the 18th instant at 10 o'clock. They are going to kill the buffaloes on the 19th instant at 4 o'clock in the evening. But this is a great sin against god. But we beg your honour this way. That is, let them leave the buffaloes in the grazing place, and ask them to catch and kill them at the same moment. And also your honour cannot ordered them to keep them in the kraal without food. And, if they will desire to kill the buffaloes in this way, these buffaloes will come on us, and also on the other peoples one who, coming to see funs on those day, will kill them all by his anxious. And so we the Todas begs your honour to enquire them before the 18th, the said funeral ceremony commencing, and not to grant the above orders to them."

A Whit Monday at Paikāra was given up to an exhibition of sports and games, whereof the most exciting and interesting was a burlesque representation of a Toda funeral by boys and girls. A Toda, who was

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fond of his little joke, applied the term pacchai kēdu (green funeral) to the corpses of the flies entrapped by a viscous catch'em-alive-oh on the bungalow table. To the mock funeral rites arrived a party of youths, as from a distant mand, and crying out U, hah, in shrill mimicry of their elders. The lad who was to play the leading part of sacrificial buffalo, stripping off his putkūli, disappeared from sight over the brow of a low hillock. Above this eminence his bent and uplifted upper extremities shortly appeared as representatives of the buffalo horns. At sight thereof, there was a wild rush of small boys to catch him, and a mimic struggle took place, while the buffalo was dragged, amid good-tempered scuffling, kicks, and shouting, to the spot where the corpse should have been. This spot was, in the absence of a pseudo-dead body or stage dummy, indicated by a group of little girls, who had sat chatting together till the boy-beast arrived, when they touched foreheads, and went, with due solemnity, through the orthodox observance of mourning in couples. The buffalo was slain by a smart tap on the back of the head with a cloth, which did duty for an axe. As soon as the convulsive movements and twitchings of the death struggle were over, the buffalo, without waiting for an encore, retired behind the hillock once more, in order that the rough and tumble fight, which was evidently the chief charm of the game, might be repeated. The buffalo boy later on came in second in a flat race, and he was last seen protecting us from a mischievous-looking member of his herd, which was grazing on the main-road. Toda buffaloes, it may be noted, are not at all popular with members of the Ootacamund Hunt, as both horses and riders from time to time receive injuries from their horns, when they come in collision.